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Robert Franz.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE BY LISZT.

Franz was born on the 28th of June, 1815, at Halle, on the Saal. The state of things in the paternal house afforded him but little poetic stimulus; on the contrary, all that did not belong to the practical utilities of life in the sense of the last century, was regarded as unprofitable and injurious. His youth passed uneventfully, and he was indebted only to mere chance opportunities for the awakening of his musical capacities. Being already fourteen years of age, he was obliged, and that without any support upon the part of his relations, to acquire the elements of music, as well as he could, in his own way, and upon his own responsibility. Later, when his inclination to music became more decided, it was no longer possible indeed to withhold from him a teacher; but naturally, as a consequence of the views then prevailing, the cheapest musical pedagogue was engaged for the first beginning, and, as might have been foreseen, the gifted pupil soon outstripped the teacher.

A change had soon to be made in instruction and in method. And this necessity repeated itself so often, that in the space of four years the young Franz had studied with all the music teachers in Halle, and learned all he could from each of them, without being able to call his own any great capital of knowledge and ability. How indeed could he derive any solid profit, any lasting guidance, from this continued intercourse with various yet equivalent mediocrities? This his sound youthful insight saw so truly, that he considered himself, in spite of his numerous lessons, as left entirely to himself; in his first attempts he followed only the humor of his own suggestions, and so, out of the disadvantages of his position, he derived the incalculable advantage of accustoming himself to let the individual impulse alone decide in the choice of his matter and the form of his thought, instead of accommodating his mind, like so many talents, to mere imitation, and then resembling a manumitted slave, who needs years of apprenticeship to learn, not only how to enjoy, but how to actually possess and use the freedom that has been given him. How many all their lives remain such freedmen, and never attain to the natural noble movement of the freeborn and educated! His firm, clear understanding guarded Franz from arrogance and error, in this independence left him by the incapacity of his teachers. He indulged in neither complaint nor ridicule about so manifest a want of outward aid. Indeed, he found himself in this freedom, as in his natural element, and used it discreetly to give self-possession to his powers, accustoming himself to fix his eyes upon a goal, and slowly, steadily, consistently to seize the means for reaching it.

Such a state of things in the earliest years of his artistic strivings, more than all later influences perhaps, determined the autodidactic character of his talent. The chosen ones of the Muse, the predestined artists know, like the bees, how to suck sweet aromatic nourishment out of the flower cups which contain deadly poison for others. But dry study did not satisfy him; the rigid thought answered but imperfectly to his yearning, as a dumb beauty would have left his heart unfilled. Written music was to him but a body without soul; he needed hearing, that he might see his ideal realized. However much the so-called earnest musicians may affect to despise virtuosity, yet it is none the less true that every really called musician cherishes the want of this same virtuosity; feels the impulse in himself to hear, to bathe, as it were, in waves of tones, to cradle himself upon their illimitable element, to

sail through their pure ether, to let their fragrant breath smooth his unfolded wings, to envelop himself in the cloud shapes of their fairy land, to listen to their tragical or touching dialogues, to transport himself into their world of expressive atoms, glowing and sparkling like the magic formulas of a celestial speech. Franz wanted to hear music made, and to make music himself; he gave himself passionately up to organ playing, and on Sundays ran from one church to another, to relieve the respective organists on single choral verses.

In those days he was attending the Halle Orphan House Gymnasium, and his studies there formed his principal occupation, the so-called serious side of his life, upon which his parents laid the greatest stress, while they always considered his attachment to music as only a harmless monomania, from which they would gladly have seen him delivered, since such idiosyncracies always hinder a young man from the attainment of that well-varnished, well-mannered, comfortable *Philisterei*, that coveted goal of all good fathers of a family, in whose train they can with tolerable certainty anticipate a fixed position, a respectable marriage, a decent exterior, a decent living, and finally a decent burial for their son and heir. The professors of the gymnasium treated the Art-dallings of their pupil with still greater severity than he had experienced under the paternal roof; his secret musical amateurship became the butt of many witticisms and there were plenty who would call him "Fool." The Cantor of the institution had appointed an hour for music lessons for the more gifted pupils; Franz felt himself drawn toward him; he was so cramped and narrowed by the boggy water of mental inactivity, that whoever let him pass without snubbing his artistic passion became welcome to him; in a short time his musical protector invited him to be his accompanist. The compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart kindled a new flame in him, and cast the first gleams into the dim confusion of his ideas, which no one helped him to clear up, and in which he had in vain sought light himself. This is one of those favors which fate vouchsafes to those under its protection, renewing for them in the most urgent moment, through men or events, the drying marrow of their faculties.

Trembling with enthusiasm, possessed by the sounds which had entranced him, Franz now ventured, without having mastered even the rudiments of harmony, counterpoint, or any sort of thorough theoretic knowledge, nay, without even a clear recognition of their necessity, upon his first attempts at composition. Now, as before, he remained left to himself, and, without explanation or advice from others, worked along at random. The impulse to produce so far predominated in him that at this time the order of importance in his different labors was reversed. Until now, in spite of his more and more overweening bias toward music, in spite of the tendency of his mind to bury itself in musical problems, and devote to them in truant secrecy his leisure hours, and even a portion of the time allotted to more serious studies, still these latter had appeared to him the central purpose of his being; he loved his parents too well to allow an opinion directly opposed to their own to take root in him, and not to accept patiently the conviction which had been instilled into him from childhood, that it was his duty to acquit himself obediently of his Gymnasium studies. But now the spirit of resistance began to get possession of him; he felt, with all his tractableness that these studies could not be useful to his genuine development, and he lost more and more the power of

giving himself up to them with interest and success. Soon there ensued hard conflicts in his soul between his natural modesty and yieldingness, between his habitual obedience to his parents and the thought that he was squandering his time, was losing his best years at the Gymnasium. For this evil he knew no better remedy than to abandon the course thus far pursued, and under the eyes of a master of music begin a new period of study, in which his choice naturally fell upon a composer, who at that time enjoyed a great celebrity, and who lived not far from Halle: Frederic Schneider. What artist, who has become so in spite of the narrow views of a tender and prejudiced family, cannot at a glance behold all the phases of the conflict which Franz had to fight through, before his wish was gratified without an open rupture with his friends? He finally left the Gymnasium, in which he had already worked his way forward into the higher classes, and betook himself to Dessau, with the purpose here by persevering study to regulate, clear up and bring into order his indefinite and fragmentary musical ideas; although even now neither he nor especially his family dreamed of the possibility that he would choose music for his calling, for the great end of his life. In such an idea they thought there was nothing to be feared, for they did not once suppose it practicable. He was not very clear in his own mind as to how far his resolution would carry him. His first thought was, to quit the hated school, to give himself up to music undisturbed; in this perhaps a tendency to opposition, which had germinated in him, was not without effect.

In Dessau we find repeated, although with a change of form, nearly the same phenomena which characterized his earlier relations to Art. The rules and theories, which were taught him and unfolded to him, still repelled him; he did not thrive with them, and he began, after the regular lessons, other labors, which, like his first artistic efforts had a resemblance to the spider in the weaving of its web, in that he drew the material out of himself. It were superfluous to say that Schneider found but little pleasure in this singular method, and found fault with the dangerous example of such independent strivings. It was not long ere Franz came into the position of a *persona ingrata*. For compensation he won other sympathies.

If there are masters whom unfettered, youthful partizans rejoice to follow with almost blind devotion, and, inflamed with a noble courage, seal their doctrines with their own names, with their heart's blood, marching with reckless enthusiasm beneath their banner, such masters stand upon the most dangerous outposts of Art, and fight with a courage which is called desperation by their adversaries, but which in successful cases justifies the saying of Virgil: *Audentes fortuna juvat*. About such masters, who rather found schools than keep up schools, there is always an overflow of the fresh pulses of young life; the surrounding air, laden with electricity, favors the outblossoming of all faculties and starts blossoms of spiritual delight, which awaken and strengthen a consciousness of his own worth in every participator, and therefore remains so dear and not to be forgotten. For Schneider such a feeling would have been rather strange and distant. He did not feel the need of living in an atmosphere in which the mind follows independently its own direction, and thus his school lacked one of the most indispensable requisites of Art. In a heavy, stagnant, close mental atmosphere, free development is impossible to the pupil. Then there form themselves, under the very eye of the master, but without his knowledge,

groups of dissenters, who bind themselves together without any clear idea of the revolutionary character of their strivings, without more than a mere suspicion that out of their union will arise convictions and tendencies, essentially diverging from those of the master. So it was with the pupils under Schneider. It could not fail to happen that Franz finally attached himself to such a group, and he himself confesses, that the atmosphere he breathed among those young people (making a great deal of music behind the back of their teacher, who would have been more annoyed by the kind of their music, than by the secrecy of the production) was the only favoring element to his true progress. His studies in harmony and counterpoint were for him only a heap of materials, which he was one day to use in the production of quite different pictures than those set him for a pattern. During his two years' residence in Dessau, (1835-7,) he composed really a great deal, and in his attempts of that period it is interesting to trace the painful squirming of a young imagination under the school fetters and the necessity to shake them off.

(Conclusion next time).

Bach's Works.

(From "JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH: his Life and Writings," Adapted from the German of C. F. HILGENFELDT, with additions from other sources," as published in the *London Choir*.)

(Continued from page 18).

The existing works of this great man are unusually numerous, and contain specimens of all periods of his artistic career. We are thus enabled to take a retrospective view of the progress of his ideas from their dawn to their full growth and development. An examination of the various styles adopted by Bach gives us also a safe rule for the classification of his works according to their greater or lesser degree of artistic merit; and this inspection shows us clearly three distinct periods in the art career of Bach's life.

The first period embraces all those compositions which, in spite of a certain excellence, yet want a sufficient finish to give them elevation. They cling too much to certain forms, and contain useless and trivial matter, showing a regard for the common taste and fashion of the time.

The period of Bach's life in which these pieces were composed was between the years 1703 and 1717, when he was at Arnstadt and Weimar. He himself thought nothing of his works during this period, and whatever compositions exist they can only command such interest as one naturally takes in the first works of a great musician. At Weimar, however, Bach made good use of his time, and study and practice did much to bring him forward. This is proved by the works of the second period.

At Köthen he had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the works of the best modern masters. The compositions he wrote here bear the stamp of higher cultivation and increased maturity. The spirit of artistic self now began to assert itself, and unsubstantial and conventional things—such as arise from the fashionable taste—are no longer found in his works. Some of these may be called perfect, as they have not been surpassed by his later writings. As this period comprises the whole duration of his official sojourn at Köthen—viz., from the year 1717 to 1723, it has been called the "Köthen-period," as the former one is known as the "Weimar-period."

The third and last period comprehends his most perfect creations of art, and extends from his appointment at Leipzig to his death—viz., from 1723 to 1750, and is called the "Leipzig-period."

A critical comparison of the works of Bach, on the basis which we have just pointed out, alone gives us sufficient knowledge of the period in which each particular work is to be placed. More special dates are to be found in the manuscript copies which exist; and the works of his contemporaries—Walther, Mattheson, Mitzler, Em. Bach, and others—give us many notes in this respect.

It would, of course, be impossible to fix the precise dates to all Bach's various works, but an

approximate one may always be given. In many of the copies of his works we find a variety of readings and variations. Some of these, no doubt, were occasioned by the errors of copyists, or by the fancied corrections of incompetent persons. A close acquaintance with Bach's writings, however, will easily enable us to restore the original text.

Bach himself, as we have said, frequently altered and corrected his own works. Even those that were printed he subjected to frequent alterations and revisions. We have an instance of this in his "Wohltemperirte Clavier" (The Well-tempered Clavichord) of which a variety of readings are extant.

Of his larger works, very few were published by Bach himself, but all these bear the stamp of mastership. These consist of the four volumes of "Clavierübung" (Exercises for the Clavichord); the "Sechs Choräle" (six Choral Melodies of different kinds, for organ with two manuals and pedal); "Einige Kanonische Veränderungen" (Some Canonic Variations on the Christmas Hymn, "Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her," for organ with two manuals and pedal); and the "Musicalisches Opfer" (Musical Offering), dedicated to Frederick II., King of Prussia.

Of the smaller things printed by Bach himself, we have only the sixty-nine chorales with figured bass, printed in 1727, and dedicated to Professor Hadenmann. "The Art of the Fugue" ("Die Kunst der Fuge") did not appear till after the author's death, but was, for the most part, engraved by one of his sons during Bach's life time.

The compositions of Bach remaining unpublished at his death, as well as the original manuscripts of those already printed, passed, with some few exceptions, into the hands of his two sons, Friedemann and Emanuel. Some few were given to his pupils, Kirnberger and Kittel. Those which Friedemann Bach possessed were soon dispersed in the world, as we have already related; Emanuel, on the contrary, carefully treasured up his father's bequests, had them classified and bound, and a descriptive catalogue placed with them. At his death, in 1783, they passed into other hands, fortunately of those who were able to appreciate their value. The catalogue which Emanuel had made was published by his widow in 1790.

Emanuel Bach's collection of his father's works for the greatest part became the property of Nägeli of Zurich, who gave the world the benefit of many of these by publication. Counsellor Gähler of Altona, a great admirer of S. Bach, also purchased many manuscripts; and Forkel took the opportunity of increasing his collection. Two later collectors of Bach's manuscripts were Polchau, a music master of Hamburg, and Gerber of Sondershausen, the well-known editor of the "Musical Lexicon." Polchau's part, about the middle of the present century, passed into the library of the "Joachimsthaler" school at Berlin, where already were the collections of Kirnberger and his noble pupil the Princess Amelia of Prussia. At Berlin there is preserved the greatest collection of Bach's manuscripts. Another fine collection is still possessed by the Nägeli family; and the St. Thomas' School at Leipzig contains many of the vocal works written for that establishment. Some few manuscripts are in private hands; but of these hereafter.

Immediately after Bach's death his sons published "The Art of the Fugue," and in 1765 and 1769 Emanuel published the "Collection of Four-part Choral Songs" in two volumes.

Thirty years later, or thereabouts, A. F. C. Kollman, organist of the German chapel, St. James's, London, a native of Hanover, and formerly connected by friendship with Emanuel Bach, published the first edition of the "Well-tempered Clavier." Another edition appeared about the same time from the house of Simrock of Bonn; and in 1800 George Nägeli advertised a collection in which the works of the most celebrated composers would appear, and amongst them many of those of J. S. Bach. This great work was never accomplished; but the house of Nägeli published a number of his single pieces,

and for the first time the "Six Clavier Sonatas" with violin accompaniment. The fourth volume of the "Clavier Practice" appeared in 1802, at Weimar, without any publisher's name, as did also the "Six Sonatas for Violin alone."

The publishing firm of Kuchnel (now Peters), at Leipzig, gave particular attention to Bach's organ and clavier works. Since the beginning of the present century they have occupied themselves with this laudable purpose. They have given to the world a complete collection of his glorious organ compositions, under the supervision of Griepenkerl and Roitzsch, and at the same time a collection of his clavier works, under the care of Czerny and Griepenkerl. These editions are deservedly esteemed for the beauty of the printing, and the care and diligence bestowed upon them by the learned editors.

The firm of Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig has also issued many of Bach's works; whilst Andre of Offenbach and Haslinger of Vienna have each done homage to the genius of the great master by the publication of correct editions of his compositions. But, perhaps the most glorious monument to the memory of the great master yet achieved is the noble edition of his works now in course of publication by the German Bach Society.

(To be continued.)

Haunts of Harmony in the City of London.

(From Once a Week.)

II.

We were compelled by want of space, to bring our last paper to a somewhat abrupt conclusion in the course of a treatise on the "Sun" and "Trevor" Music-halls, Knights-bridge. We shall resume our observations by remarking that when the performances at these establishments have been brought to a close, which, as a rule, happens at about quarter to twelve, the audience adjourns to the spacious bar of a tavern communicating with the premises, and in the midst of a seething crowd of soldiers, mechanics, low "horsey gents," half-drunken cabmen, slatternly women and dissipated shop-boys, you may observe an elderly gentleman attired in a costume resembling that of a park-keeper, to whom malt and spirituous liquors are assiduously handed by open-mouthed auditors, and who, acting as a sort of Mercury during the performance, is regarded with that mingled awe and admiration which the British public is always so ready to extend to any one even remotely connected with the stage.

The ladies and gentlemen who have attended the performances at the "Trevor" usually drop in towards the close of the evening, and compare notes with their friends at the "Sun." The entertainments at the last-named establishment are of a more variegated description than those at the rival house, and included on the occasion of our visit a spirited and marrow-chilling performance, by a couple of gentlemen and a Newfoundland dog; the low comedian being murdered and thrown behind the scenes about every two minutes, and coming to life again towards the conclusion of the piece, in time to visit the ruffian with poetical justice, to an accompaniment of barks and plunges on the part of the dog.

A large proportion of the audience both at the "Sun" and the "Trevor" is of a military cast. You may observe three or four fine young fellows seated at a table, and might mistake them for gallant and distinguished officers, if you hadn't an inward conviction that they were merely "soldier-servants" in their master's cast-off wearing apparel. They puff their pipes, sip their brandy-and-water, and criticize the performance in the most majestic manner; and if any one of them fails to produce the desired impression on the minds of the fair sex, he straightway adjourns to the barracks, and presently returns to dazzle and command in his undress uniform.

Thus far of the general aspect of a few of the leading music-halls, the entertainments therein provided, and the individuals by whom they are patronized. We shall now step from the auditorium to the stage, and endeavor to furnish our readers with an insight into the early struggles and adventures of those who aspire to the proud position of public performers and popular favorites. We shall begin by detailing the experiences of a couple of young men who sought to win their way to fame in the capacity of "duologue duettists," but as true merit is always bashful, we shall make use of fictitious names, and dub our friends for the nonce Messrs. Jones and Smith. Both

of these gentlemen had been educated for the stage, and in endeavoring to establish a reputation as theatrical dancers and pantomimists, had travelled much, and starved times out of number. Meeting once in the vicinity of the Haymarket they paused to compare notes, Mr. Jones had retired from the dramatic profession in despair, feeling convinced that unless an artist has marked talent, his chances of success are uncomfortably small, and had opened a lodging-house, which would have answered better if it hadn't been in a chronic state of emptiness. Mr. Smith was out of an engagement, and testing the capacity of his wife and family to subsist on that cheap and digestible article of food for which the chameleon is said to possess such a peculiar fondness. Jones whose inventive powers were possibly quickened by reduced rations, suggested that, as his friend possessed a real talent for low comedy, they should endeavor to better their condition by starting something in the music-hall line. Smith had no objection, but hinted that he was quite without funds, and that there would be some difficulty in finding any one to make the necessary advances. However, his friend, who was of a saving disposition, and had managed to lay by a few pounds, proceeded to re-assure him upon this point, and so, after an inaugural banquet in Jones's kitchen, an adjournment was proposed to the sanctum of Mr. Merrick, a composer of duologue pieces, who dwelt with his wife and child in a single room on a third-floor back, in Plough Court, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This gentleman, who had already made Jones's acquaintance, having written some songs for a young lady, whom he had endeavored to bring out as a "serio-comic," courteously requested his visitors to be seated, and a quart of ale having been sent for at their expense, stated that if either of them could propose a subject he would be happy to write thereon at the extremely moderate rate of twenty shillings an entertainment. Smith hesitated for a moment, and then, as the subject of the Atlantic cable was engaging public attention, proposed that the piece required should have some reference to that great international enterprise. The "duologue" having been supplied, rehearsals took place in Jones's kitchen, and when the aspirants were tolerably perfect in their parts, they forwarded an application to the manager of the Metropolitan Music Hall, and stating that though they were members of the theatrical profession, they had not confined their exertions to the stage, inquired concerning the chances of a first appearance. We must here pause to remark that managers have a particular objection to dealing with amateurs. If self-satisfied ladies or gentlemen wish to make a venture in London, a preliminary step of absolute necessity, and likely to damp their ardor, is a month or two of practice in the country. But to resume. It was agreed that on the night of the following Wednesday, when there was to be a waiter's benefit, and the proprietors had special licence to keep the hall open till 3 A.M., a *debut* might be ventured. In order to get into proper working trim, Messrs. Jones and Smith made a preliminary appearance at "Lamb's," in Oxford street, and as their entertainment abounded in radical sentiments, and the audience was anything but aristocratic, achieved a decided success. "Lamb's," we may observe, is an establishment situated at no great distance from the Princess's Theatre. Instead of paying so much for admission, you purchase a threepenny refreshment ticket for the "good of the house." The dresses, we may add, were hired from Mr. May, of Bow street, at the rate of five shillings a night.

The next evening, our friends hastened, all anxiety, to the Metropolitan; but, owing to some mistake in the transmission of a letter, their appearance had to be postponed from 12 o'clock till 1, and when the eventful hour arrived, the audience was at once drunken, noisy, and spiteful. A gentleman, whose father was a pantomimist at the Adelphi Theatre, had just danced with great success—having distributed three pounds' worth of tickets amongst his friends—but when Messrs. Jones and Smith appeared to commence their "great and original duologue entertainment," they received what is professionally termed the "goose." In other words, they were hissed, or, to borrow from their own expressive vocabulary, "chy-iked." Bearing in mind the condition of the audience, coupled with the circumstance that the new-comers had failed to purchase the requisite number of "free admissions," we cannot be surprised at the fact. However, as they were rather desperate, they persevered, and might have soothed the popular animosity had it not happened that the nether garments of Mr. Jones, who personated a British tar, were of a build so peculiar, that he could dance only with difficulty, a circumstance that provoked the risible faculties of the spectators, and caused the whole entertainment to be brought to a speedy and disastrous conclusion. Further than this, the "Metropol-

itan" audience, which considered itself select and aristocratic, had no sympathy with the extremely liberal sentiments that had won the hearts of the "great unwashed" in Oxford street. Groans and hisses prevailed, and Messrs. Jones and Smith broke down so utterly and unmistakably, that they apologized to the manager for having appeared at all.

However, with the next day came fresh resolutions, and agreeing to keep the fact of their *fiasco* in the background, they applied by letter to the manager of the "Oxford," who, with his usual courtesy, appointed an interview. Our friends laid in the requisite amount of Dutch courage through the medium of three pennyworth of pale brandy, and repaired to the hall, where they were met by Mr. Jonghman, who inquired whether they were in a position to appear on the following evening. They replied in the negative; the fact being that they had no money left, and couldn't hire the dresses. Upon this they were told to call at the Canterbury in a week's time, with the view of giving the management "a taste of their quality."

Now a music-hall during the day-time abounds in influences the reverse of enlivening, and when Messrs. Jones and Smith complied with the above invitation, the sun shone dimly in the Westminster Road, but something like a November fog prevailed in the Fine Arts Gallery. The decorations looked coarse and dingy; there was an appallingly loud echo, and the stage was denuded of its charms. A few carpenters busied themselves with repairs in the balcony; glasses were being washed out at the refreshment bar, and sundry professionals scattered here and there about the building, watched with languid interest anything in the way of rehearsal that might be proceeding on the stage. Our friends were depressed, but armed with the valor of the desperate, they proceeded with their entertainment, and as the eighteen or twenty "pros" in the body of the hall condescended to applaud, they retired in high spirits, shook hands in anticipation of coming triumphs, and celebrated their victory in an extra threepennyworth of pale brandy.

In the evening they called, by appointment, on the conductor, who thought he could obtain them a hearing, but as a gentleman of excessive modesty and surprising pulmonary vigor chose to sing five songs in succession, Mr. Jonghman had to return to the "Oxford" to lead the "operative selection," leaving our friends almost as badly off as ever, and but little comforted with the assurance that they had a chance of procuring an engagement when a new company was organized in about six weeks' time.

In the meanwhile, having learnt that band-parts were required, they called upon the musical conductor at the "Raglan," in order to have them prepared. Having acquainted that gentleman with their position, he expressed surprise at their not having appealed to the "governor"—meaning the estimable Mr. Hart—a hint that our adventurers acted upon at the first favorable opportunity. An "appearance" was graciously accorded, and a not very select audience testified extreme approbation of the thrilling sentiments conveyed in the great duologue entertainment. A chance of an engagement loomed ahead, but again the financial condition of the duettists stood in the way of a substantial success. Nearly five pounds had been invested in a concern that had not yet brought in a farthing; the speculators had no means of immediately raising fresh funds, and by the time the entertainment was again in working order, Mr. Smith had procured an engagement as harlequin at a transpontine theatre, and to the indignation of his partner, not only left him in the lurch, but even neglected to answer his letters.

It is worthy of remark that the aspirants to music-hall celebrity are almost entirely at the mercy of the "agents." These gentlemen, on being paid a fee, refer to their books, and can, if they choose, procure you an early engagement. If the worthy to whom you have applied feels prepossessed in your favor, he will provide "a good berth," that is, work and wages for six weeks at a convenient distance. When the first engagement is concluded, he will find you another within easy reach. Thus you may be moved from Birmingham to Manchester, or from Edinburgh to Glasgow; whereas, if you fail to give satisfaction, you may be shifted from Dublin to London, perhaps from thence to Hull, and back again.

Should you chance to offend an agent by taking any other situation than the one offered, he will effectually balk your intentions by communicating with the manager who has engaged you, and dropping a few hints to your prejudice. "So-and-so may be well enough in his way, but I could provide you with a better artist at considerably lower terms." A manager seldom cares to offend an agent, lest, when he is anxious to procure fresh talent, and has a difficulty in finding it, the great man should withdraw his assistance. Accordingly, you may find yourself dismissed at the end of a week for some fault of which

you are perfectly unconscious. On applying to the agent, and stating your grievance, he will simply answer: "You chose your own road; now keep to it;" and it is not necessary to insist that unless you are backed by one of the fraternity, your chances of success are hardly worth considering.

In conclusion, we must draw a distinction between the leading music-hall agents and the unconscionable rogues who, taking up their quarters at a public house, profess to be the media of communication with theatrical managers. We are acquainted with a gentleman of the former type, who feels that he has a position to maintain, and conducts his business in style. He has fitted up a front parlor as an office, and is rapidly making a fortune by procuring engagements for artists, in return for a booking-fee of eighteenpence, and five per cent. on each week's earnings.

If you offend an agent, he will erase your name from his list, and then, as we have before remarked, "Woe betide you." If, on the other hand, you are bent on securing his good opinion, hand him a sovereign when required to deposit the preliminary fee, and say nothing about the change. The chances are that he will penetrate your motives, appreciate your delicacy, and pocket the eighteen and sixpence.

A certain comic singer of note, whose portrait is to be seen in most music-shops, commenced his career by playing utility parts and acting as a supernumerary in small country theatres. If he had talent it was not recognized, and the dramatic profession expressed no regret when he deserted the "boards" and took to singing at a low concert-hall in Liverpool. In process of time he was exalted to an establishment of higher pretensions, and, being lucky enough to scrape a little money together, laid it out in advertisements, and by degrees managed to puff himself into notice. Gifted with consummate assurance he procured a situation as clown at one of the leading West-end theatres. During the progress of a rehearsal the manager was led to suspect that his newly-engaged "star" was not quite up to the mark. He was convinced ere long that he fell lamentably below it. He fretted in silence for a time, but at length yielding to his irritation, inquired sarcastically as to the clown's estimate of his own merits. The great luminary, in no wise disconcerted, briskly replied that he regarded himself as one of the most rising performers of the day. "Indeed!" returned the exasperated manager; "and if you want to know what I think, I believe you are a confounded impostor." However, the engagement had been contracted, and the provincial star filled his pockets. Some while after this he procured a situation at The Metropolitan, Edgeware road, and introduced a vulgar and senseless ditty that hit the taste of the populace, and is still to be heard on the barrel-organs. From one step he advanced to another, and is now in receipt of about £30 a week.

A short while ago we came across two young men who had encountered in their pursuit of fame adventures deserving of record. After some months spent in playing utility parts at a theatre in the north, they found themselves suddenly thrown out of employment, and reduced to the necessity of "busking." By this term is denoted the condition of those who earn a precarious livelihood by giving entertainments, generally musical, at the bar or just outside the door of a public house. If the proprietor is generously disposed, he will reward the wanderers with a jug of beer, fancying that they attract customers, and either after or during the intervals of the performance they endeavor to collect money by appealing to the generosity of the audience.

Our two friends, who were living at the appalling rate of a pound of bread and half a pint of beer a day, and were endeavoring to journey to London, sought to recruit their finances in the manner described, but occasionally met with rebuffs that were particularly disheartening to those who had neither shelter for the night nor materials for a supper even of the most meagre description. On one occasion they entered a roadside inn, and endeavoring to find favor by addressing a worshipful company of "navies" as "gentlemen," proposed giving some representations of the lark upon a penny whistle. The suggestion having been favorably received, the performance commenced, and ended amid tumultuous applause; encouraged by which, the hungry wayfarers proposed an imitation of the thrush. However, this was condemned as being merely the lark over again, and a representation of the blackbird gave such general dissatisfaction, being in fact a third edition of the "herald of the morn," that the luckless performers found themselves summarily, and not too courteously, shown out of doors.

However, necessity roused them to fresh exertions, and entering a second inn they proposed giving imitations of popular actors, stating that they were members of the dramatic profession out of an engagement

and journeying towards London, and that for some time past they had been performing at one of the principal theatres in the northern counties. The proposition gave pleasure, and affairs went on swimmingly so long as the representations were confined to "stars" at a distance, but an unfortunate attempt was made to imitate Mr. Charles Pitt, who had lately been travelling in the neighborhood, and a critical navy exclaimed, "Noa, noa, I don't know 'bout 'other chaps, but darned if that he loike Charley Pitt;" so the unfortunates were expelled for the second time, and again found themselves penniless in the high road.

However, by some supernatural means they managed to reach London, and procured an engagement at Lamb's, in Oxford street, where they worked a couple of "turns" a night, each performance lasting about half an hour, one being at the commencement, the other at the close of the evening, and received the extremely remunerative salary of fifteen shillings a week. It was at Lamb's that we made the acquaintance of these indefatigable aspirants to fame, and it was at the same popular place of amusement that we had an opportunity of witnessing their "unprecedentedly successful entertainment," which was of a nature thrilling and melodramatic. It had reference to the adventures of a Cockney, who, having emigrated to Australia, seized an early opportunity to wander into the "bush." Whilst there, he was attacked by a dog of a peculiar breed—one of the luckless duetists fantastically attired—and, having beaten it off, he was confronted by a furious bushranger, who, in the deep tragic accents of the penny stage, expressed a desire to become possessed of his personal property. As a matter of course, a terrific broadsword combat ensued; but at the moment when the vanquished Cockney lay on the ground, and the robber was preparing to despatch him, a startled exclamation burst from that amiable gentleman, and, in quivering accents, he demanded his victim's name. On hearing it, he growled mysteriously, "It must be so," and proceeded to inquire, in tones deeper than before, "And had you not a father?" "I had." "Know you his whereabouts?" "Alas! he emigrated to Australia, wandered into the bush; we thought him dead. [Tremendous agitation on the part of the ruffian]. "It must be! Yes!—it is! My own, my long-lost boy!!" [Embraces *ad libitum* and *exultant* amid tumultuous applause].

The duologue duetists were anxious that we should purchase the copyright of their entertainment for half a crown! We declined the offer, but gave a little spare cash to the performers, who then, feeling that there was an occasion to be improved, indulged in a lengthy dissertation regarding their late trials, and the impossibility of gaining a satisfactory footing in London. Considering the utter want of talent on either side, this last conviction failed to inspire us with an extraordinary degree of astonishment. The heavier of the two "heavy" gentlemen then complained of the condition of his wardrobe, and hinted that, if we had any cast-off garments, they would prove eminently serviceable and welcome. He then proceeded to inform us that the whole of his own and his friend's misfortunes were attributable to the fact of his having "gone mad" when on a provincial tour, a circumstance that resulted in the utter break-down of the entertainment, though he felt convinced that, with a little management, it might be made an extremely payable concern, and, in fact even then he was looking forward to an engagement at Belfast—a nice little trip, from London to Belfast!—where he and his friend were sure to earn between three and four pounds a week, and so on, *ad nauseam*.

What became of the two duetists, we have never been able to learn, but a couple of gentlemen resembling them in many particulars are still to be seen in a shady nook near the bar at the end of the hall, where they converse confidentially regarding their prospects, and from time to time, turn their heads towards the stage, either for the purpose of taking hints, or condemning the performance as inferior to their own.

Young girls toiling in the provinces lead but a sorry existence, and during the winter months it is no joke having to plod through snow and sleet from wretched lodgings to the cold hall and back again. They are usually engaged to sing a couple of "turns," one early in the evening, the other late. During the interval they are perhaps sent to "the front," i. e., amongst the audience, and it is an understood thing that if drink be offered, it must not be refused. No matter if vice be encouraged, it is "for the good of the house." The second "turn" is frequently a failure, and for obvious reasons. But the proprietor has lost nothing, and if his victim didn't drink, she wouldn't long keep her engagement. Poor girls! in a year or two their voices are completely cracked, and they have no resource but the work-house or the streets. It is not one girl in ten that

can stand the ordeal of life in the country. It is consoling to reflect that in leading establishments such as the Oxford and Alhambra, proceedings of the kind we have referred to would be quite without precedent.

With regard to the origin of the various performers, they have as a rule sprung from the stage or the "saw-dust;" their fathers have been strolling actors, clowns, harlequins, acrobats, etc. We could name some clever gymnasts now in receipt of good salaries who formerly earned a livelihood by wandering from town to town, or from village to village, and performing in the London streets. Some of the best acrobats are foreigners, and the high-sounding Italian names in the programmes are not always fictitious.

In halls where there are musical selections, the leading tenors and soprano are generally broken-down members of English or Italian opera companies. The exertion of singing in a selection is comparatively small, the vocal powers are not severely taxed, and though the position is hardly one of *éclat*, it brings in between five and six pounds a week. A lady, once a "star" of some magnitude at the Italian Opera, condescended to take an engagement at Day's concert-room, in Birmingham. A leading tenor at one of the principle London music-halls held a post of honor at Covent Garden Theatre.

At leading establishments it is usual to employ one or two really excellent singers to maintain the reputation of the house, and a gentleman or lady in such a position is able to earn from fifteen to twenty pounds a week. The great advantage of a situation of this kind is that the performer has a regular salary to depend upon, whereas if he aimed at a more dignified position, say as a member of a travelling opera company, or an attendant at concerts, his earnings, though they might be in some instances large, would, as a rule, be extremely precarious.

The chairman at a music-hall is generally a "professional." He may have been the principal basso, or the pianist. He announces the titles of the different pieces, and if a disturbance occurs, he is supposed to exert himself in endeavoring to quell it. He must be a man who can face an audience, and if there is a delay in the arrival of any performer, he is sometimes required to "take a turn." His salary may vary from a couple of pounds to fifty shillings a week.

At good halls it is usual to hold a lady or gentleman in reserve, to supply an unlooked-for hiatus in the performance, and the occupants of such a post earn a weekly salary of from thirty-five shillings to a couple of pounds. The attendants at a music-hall are usually old soldiers, or policemen who have been tempted from the "force," by the prospect of higher wages. They are men of sober and respectable character, rarely, if ever, broken-down members of the theatrical profession.

ARTHUR OGILVY.

Music Among the Chinese.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

It is claimed for the Chinese by T. Taylor Meadows that they are "the best misunderstood people in the world," in which he is not far from right. Your issue of April 18 contains an illustration of this, in the (selected) communication "received from a gentleman in Hong Kong," concerning the musical powers of the Chinese.

The writer "believes his to be the first attempt to teach the reading of music to this wonderful people," whereas in the mission schools of the Episcopal church at Shanghai it was taught many years ago, both to boys and girls, and with complete success; so much so, that not only was singing by the notes of our ordinary European notation practised, but Chinese organists performed in both the school and mission chapels.

Our Presbyterian friends at Ningpo did much the same thing; and as long as 1858 they even went so far as to publish a psalm-book of some two hundred and fifty tunes, with specimens to the same "tonic-sol-fa method." How long before this the Roman Catholic missionaries had taught their students I cannot say; but I can vouch for the fact that some very elaborate mass-music was sung by Chinese choristers in the cathedral at Shanghai, accompanied by an organ made with bamboo pipes.

Another unfortunate statement of "the gentleman in Hong Kong" is that "the Chinese themselves have no tunes and no idea of music." Almost any book on China contradicts this mistake—Barrow, Du Halde, Des Guines or Williams; and Doolittle gives us an account of the existence of social musical clubs for practice among Chinese youths.

The fact is that music as a study, has existed and been held in very high esteem among them for at

least twenty-two hundred years. Confucius cultivated it (about 500 B.C.), and found analogies between the relations of the three principal strings of the *Kiung* and those of the ruler, the minister and the people of a country; so that these names were given to the strings to designate them, and the great sage declared that he who could harmonize upon the *Kiung* could rule over the empire. So much for the Chinese having no music.

As to the assertion that they "have no tunes," this is one of the strangest of the many strange statements made concerning that much-misrepresented people. Why, the empire is full of tunes, and very tuneful they are, after their fashion—which fashion is not ours, however, but more nearly that of the elder Scotch minstrelsy. Let any one listen to the old tune of "Farewell to Lochaber," performed (as it often is) by a regimental fife, and he will get a very good idea of the general "style" of Chinese music. Indeed, the common fife—without keys—gives the Chinese musical scale very nearly; the difference between it and our diatonic scale being that the semitones are not distributed as with us, nor do the intervals coincide exactly with ours; that is, while the first, fourth, fifth and octave correspond with ours, the second, sixth and seventh do not. But they have, and they use, the eight intervals, though the fourth and seventh (as in some Scotch tunes, for instance "Roy's Wife,") are often not brought in.

Again: our "gentleman in Hong Kong, who is engaged in teaching a tonic sol-fa singing-class there," says their instruments can produce but two or three tones. Now, if any of your readers will take the trouble of calling at Carhart & Needham's in Twenty-third street, they can see some Chinese musical instruments (which have a compass from E flat (first line and treble) to A flat in *alto*; and an examination of the accompanying specimen (which I took the trouble to reduce from the Chinese notation to our own), will show that they write for two notes beyond that range.

In short, they have an exceedingly elaborate system of musical notation, and a great fondness for what is called amongst us "the opera"—excepting the ballet parts, which their ideas of decorum lead them to disavow.

At a polite entertainment the guests have handed to them an ivory tablet, with the names of some of their classical "operas"—so to call them—and a selection is made for the orchestra, which proceeds at once to go through some composition that may consume an hour or two in the performing; the musicians sometimes playing, sometimes singing, according to the exigencies of the occasion.

It was the desire of finding what music the Chinese might have among them capable of adaptation to the purposes of Christian psalmody, that led me to study the subject during my many years' residence at Shanghai; but I found nothing susceptible of such adaptation except a few strains from the Buddhist litanies, which bore a strong resemblance to some of the ruder forms of the Gregorian (or Ambrosian) chant.

I have trespassed too long on your columns; let my excuse be the desire of correcting that cluster of mistakes to be found in the extract on "the Musical Powers of the Chinese." They would naturally have the effect of adding to the already extreme and very foolish disparagement of a people the most numerous on the face of the globe, and one whose civilization is altogether the best the world has ever seen, apart from Christianity.

Allow me to mention a case in point both musically and nationally. While visiting with my family the beautiful temple-grounds near Hong-Chow—the Chinese terrestrial paradise—we formed the acquaintance of a mandarin of medium rank, whose wife had the manners which would have been recognized as those of a lady anywhere, and who himself was devotedly fond of music.

I had my melodeon with me (one of Prince's), and as a natural consequence Mr. Dzau and myself became quite intimate for the time being. Subsequently, he volunteered me a visit at Shanghai; and also sent a very handsome musical instrument as a present, together with some beautifully-written manuscript music.

I returned this visit some time afterward, taking my melodeon in the boat with me; and when arrived at the landing near his residence, he begged me to have the instrument carried up to the house, that the ladies of his family might (from behind their screen) "have the delight of hearing it."

I consented, and spent some time in accompanying him—in unison, of course—while he played his own instrument—a flute, I think. "Ah!" exclaimed he, in a moment of ecstasy at the success of our performance, "if only our two countries could harmonize like our instruments—what happiness!"

I have heard less enlightened and benevolent wishes expressed on this subject than that of my mu-

sical mandarin friend, especially among the Christian ladies and gentlemen of California.

I remain, yours respectfully,

EDWARD W. STYLE.

Rectory, Pelham, N. Y.

Music Abroad.

Leipzig.

The 20th and last Gewandhaus Concert occurred on the 4th of April and opened with Beethoven's festival Overture in C, op. 124. Fräulein Bettelheim, Contralto, from Vienna, sang an aria from Gluck's *Ezio*, Schubert's "At the grave of Anselmo," "Aufenthal," &c. The second part consisted of Gade's last large work, his Cantata "The Crusaders."

In the 20 concerts, besides two for charity, the following works have been performed:

Symphonies: 5 by Beethoven (Nos. 3, 5, 7, 8, 9,—precisely the same as in our Boston Symphony Concerts); 2 by Mendelssohn ("Scotch" and "Italian"); 2 by Gade (B flat and C minor); 2 by Schumann (B flat and D minor); one each by Mozart (D major, without Minuet), Haydn (G major), Rubinstein ("Ocean"), Naumann, Rheinberger ("Wallenstein").

Overtures: 3 by Cherubini (*Abencerages*, *Anacreon*, *Wasserträger*,—ditto again Boston!); 3 by Mendelssohn (*Athalia*, *Hebrides*, *Meeresstille*); 3 by Beethoven (*Leonore*, No. 2, *Fidelio*, and Op. 124); 2 by Schumann (*Genoveva*, and Fest-overture on the *Rheinweindlied*); 2 by Weber (*Euryanthe*, *Oberon*); one each by Rossini ("Tell"), Gluck, (*Iphigenia*), Volkmann (Fest-overture), Jadassohn, Kalliwoda (Fest-overture), Wagner (Faust), Tausch.

Other orchestral pieces: Concerto for string instruments, two obligato Violins and 'Cello, by Handel; *Passacaglia* and *Toccata* by Bach (instrumented by Esser); Entr'acte from Cherubini's *Medea*; *Suite* No. 2 (E minor) by F. Lachner; March from Rossini's "Siege of Corinth"; fragments of a Symphony by Schubert; *Symphonic Fantasia* by Ferd. Hiller; *Adagio* from Liszt's "Faust" Symphony; *Rakoczy March* from "La Damnation de Faust" by Berlioz; two Entr'acts from Schubert's "Rosamund"; Dances of blessed spirits and of Furies, from Gluck's *Orpheus*.

Choral Works: Mendelssohn's Hymn: "Hear my prayer"; Ensemble and chorus from Rossini's "Siege of Corinth"; Scenes from "Frithjof's Saga" by Max Bruch; *Bridal Hymn* by Hermann Zopff; *Ave Maria* by Carl Reinecke; Handel's oratorio "Esther"; *Te Deum* by Riets; "Wächterlied," by Fritz Gernsheim; Scenes from Schumann's "Genoveva"; Gade's "Crusaders."

Arias: 7 by Mozart; 5 by Handel; 2 by Rossini; one each by Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Spohr, Stradella, Randegger, Rossi, Marcello, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Rode (Variations), Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Boieldieu.

Songs (Lieder): 7 by Schumann; 6 by Schubert; 6 by Beethoven (*Liederkreis*); 2 by Kjerulf; one each by Handel, Pergolesi, Haydn, Kirchner, Alabieff, Rubinstein, Brüll.—Not one by Robert Franz!

Instrumental Solos, with and without accompaniment: *Piano-forte*: 4 by Bach, 3 by Beethoven, 6 by Schumann, 4 by Liszt, 2 by Mendelssohn, 3 by Hiller, 2 by Hummel, 2 by Derffel, and one apiece by Mozart, Rameau, Kirnberger, Couperin, Handel, Scarlatti, Chopin, Kirchner, Weber.—*Violin*: 2 by Spohr, and one each by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Viotti, Vieuxtemps, Ernst, Rust, Paganini.—*Violoncello*: one by Davidoff.—*Oboe*: 2 by Schumann.—*Harp*: Parish Alvars, &c.

The solo pianists were: Mmes. Clara Schumann, Johnson-Gräver, Frä. Menter, and Herren Derffel, Reinecke, Ehrlich, Hiller, Tausig, Leitert; the violinists were: Mmes. Charlotte Dekner and Francisca Friese, Mossrs. Brandt, David, Joachim, Wilhelm, Haubold.

Of the above named compositions, 21 were produced in the Gewandhaus for the first time.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS. Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* closed the series on the 90th ult. A writer in the *Musical World* sums up thus:

There have been twenty-four concerts since the 6th October last, and at each of these some one or more works of importance have been presented. Handel's *Alexander's Feast* (twice), Haydn's *Tempest*, Macfarren's *Christmas*, Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, and Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," were the principal large vocal works performed; while of symphonies all those of Beethoven, with the exception of the 9th, have been played, as well as the following:—Haydn—C minor (No. 9), D (No. 7); Mozart—C major (*Jupiter*); Schubert's B minor (unfinished); Mendelssohn—*Italian* and *Scotch* (so-called); Spohr—*Power* (? *Consecration*) of *Sound*; Schumann—No. 1. B flat, 2. C major, 3. D minor; Gade—No. 1. C minor. Overtures and concertos of all the great masters have been given, and the following eminent instrumental soloists have at different times appeared: Mme. Arabella Goddard (twice), Mme. Schumann (twice), Mlle. Anna Mehlig, Miss Madeline Schiller, Herr Joachim, Herr Ludwig Straus (twice), M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, M. Dannreuther, Herr Wilhelm (twice), Herr Hartvigson, M. Oscar Beringer and Mr. Franklin Taylor. The sole drawback to the orchestra during the previous seasons—a deficiency of stringed instruments—having been remedied from the commencement of the series just closed, Mr. Manns was able to satisfy the requirements of the most exacting, and, thanks to his untiring energy and the constant opportunities for united practice, he has now under his control a band that may not only fairly challenge competition with any in England, but may take honorable rank with any of the great continental orchestras; and I believe that I not only express my own individual opinion, but also that of every connoisseur who has attended these concerts regularly, that such performances of great orchestral works have never before been heard in this country, and that it is not hyperbolic praise to say that they have been as near perfection as it is possible to attain. What, for instance, could be finer than the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven on Saturday last? From the first note of the bright, cheerful *allegro*, with which it opens, to the end of the final *allegretto*, every note had force and meaning, while the exquisitely reposeful *andante* and the wonderfully real storm held all hearers spell-bound. I think, in truth, there were few in the room who would not have been delighted to hear the whole symphony again from beginning to end. It was hardly fair to Mr. Sullivan to place the selection from his MS. opera, *The Sapphire Necklace*, immediately after Beethoven's gigantic work; nevertheless, our clever young composer's music came well out of the ordeal, and pleased so thoroughly that one felt inclined to say, "If so much why no more?"—and failing the "more," the audience asked for (and obtained) a repetition of the song, "Love will be master," sung by Miss Edith Wynne, whose thoroughly sympathetic and musical voice is always sure to win.

Herr Straus was warmly and deservedly applauded for his violin solo, *adagio* and *rondo* from Vieuxtemps' concerto in F sharp minor (No. 2); and that Mlle. Enequist and M. De Fontanier further contributed to the vocal portion of the programme, which opened with Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*, and closed with Schumann's overture to *Manfred*.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, discouraged by want of patronage, as well as by the untimely death of its conductor, Alfred Mellon, has dissolved.

ORATORIOS. During the last weeks of April the National Choral Society performed *Elijah* (with Santley, Mme. Suchet-Champin, Miss Lucy Franklin and Mr. Leigh Wilson; Mr. Martin conducting), and *The Messiah* (Louisa Pyne, Miss Palmer, Mr. Kedge and Mr. L. Thomas). On the 1st of May, Mr. Martin was to conduct a Choral Festival of 5,000 voices at the Crystal Palace.—The Sacred Harmonic Society has given its thirty-fifth annual Passion-week performance of the *Messiah* (Mmes. Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Reeves and Santley), and a second performance of Benedict's *Legend of St. Cecilia*, followed by Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The third concert attracted a larger audience to the Hanover Square

Rooms. The two symphonies were Schumann in D minor (No. 2) and Mendelssohn in A major (the "Italian"). The last was so familiar to the members of the orchestra as to present little, if any difficulty to the new conductor; but the first was a very different matter, and Mr. Cusins may be congratulated on the talent and readiness with which he acquitted himself of the task of directing its performance. Both symphonies were played with remarkable spirit; and those who find amusement in balancing and comparing the respective merits of Schumann and Mendelssohn had a fair opportunity of indulging their peculiar taste. The great majority of the Philharmonic audience, if applause may be accepted as criterion, were for Mendelssohn. The overtures were Beethoven's magnificent *Egmont*, and the *Ruler of the Spirits* (*Rubenzahl*)—perhaps, after *Der Freischütz*, and not forgetting *Oberon* or *Euryanthe*, Weber's very finest dramatic prelude. The concerto was Beethoven's No. 4 (in G) for pianoforte, played with splendid energy by Mme. Schumann, and though not accompanied by the orchestra throughout with such uniform carefulness as might have been desirable, received with unanimous marks of satisfaction at the end. The singers were Mlle. Enequist and Drasdil, soprano and contralto. Mlle. Enequist selected for solo the great and trying recitative and air of Donna Anna, from the last act of *Don Giovanni*, and sang it in so artistic a manner as to justify her choice. Mlle. Drasdil, who has a voice, the quality of which stands in no need of effort to reveal, chose the sombre "Spirit song" of Haydn; and the two ladies together gave the long and showy duet, "Serbami ognor," from Rossini's *Semiramide*.

MADAME SCHUMANN has given two "Piano-forte Recitals" at St. James's Hall, interesting if only on account of the specimens of her late husband's music which were included in the programmes, and which she played as perfectly as any music could be played, and with no less enthusiasm than technical ability. These comprise the *Arabesque* (Op. 18), which had already been applauded at the Monday Popular Concerts; the "Carnaval," or *Scènes Mignonnes* (Op. 9), an attempt on the part of Schumann at the humoresque in music, with which Mr. Charles Hallé was among the first to make English amateurs familiar (at his "Recitals"); the *Etudes en forme de Variations* (Op. 13—dedicated to William Sterndale Bennett), Mme. Schumann's own admirable performance of which at the Monday Popular Concerts, in 1865, is still remembered; two canons from the *Studien für den Pedalfügel* (Op. 95); and several vocal pieces, confided at the first "Recital" to Mlle. Bramer, and at the second to Mme. Sainton-Dolby. All these afforded deep gratification to the admirers of Schumann's compositions—among the instrumental specimens more particularly, the two canons, and among the songs "Frühlingsnacht" (Mlle. Bramer) and "Moonlight" (Mme. Sainton), each of which was asked for again. Mme. Schumann also played the *Sonata Appassionata* and the *Moonlight Sonata* of Beethoven; solo pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Henselt, and, with Signor Piatti, Mendelssohn's great sonata in D major, for pianoforte and violoncello. The vocal music was accompanied by Mr. Zerbini. Though not crowded, both "Recitals" were well attended. Mme. Schumann now leaves London, after her third, and by no means least successful, visit. She must be aware by this time, that those who told her she would meet only enemies might have more honestly told her she would meet only friends.—*Mus. World*.

MR. HALLE'S RECITALS. During his forthcoming series of "Piano-forte Recitals" Mr. Hallé is to play at each recital a solo sonata by Schubert, and one of the duets for piano and violoncello of Beethoven or Mendelssohn.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, APRIL 12. Since the date of my last letter there is very little to record. *Don Carlos* is still running at the Italian Opera and *Romeo and Juliet* (Gounod's last) is still un-produced; the regular musical season here is now drawing rapidly to a close, and there would soon be a complete dearth of musical news, were it not that a sort of supplementary season commences at Easter this year by reason of the crowds of people who are here to attend the Exposition.

The said Exposition is as yet very incomplete, and will not be in absolute working order before May 1st; however, there is even now much to interest the visi-

tor, and the sensation which our American Grand Pianos are producing here is something positively amazing. Those manufactured upon the European plan of construction are vastly superior to any which are made here, while those gotten up upon the New American system have excited the wonder and admiration of the jury, the piano-forte makers and of the general public. The three leading manufacturers, Erard, Pleyel, and Herz, have expressed their delight and surprise at these new products of American industry and skill, and M. Erard has requested permission to adopt the salient points of the new system. America has truly inaugurated a new era in piano forte making. The Erard and Pleyel pianos are, without doubt, fine instruments, but there is lacking in them that volume and richness of tone which one finds in the American grands.

The Cabinet Organs, also, of Mason & Hamlin are well spoken of, and are regarded as surprising proofs of the superiority of American machinery, it being a well known fact that the European Cabinet Organs are all made by hand.

At the Athenæe was given, on Friday evening last, an orchestral concert under the direction of the omnipresent Padeloup. For programme we had: 1st Symphony, C major, Beethoven; Suite d'Orchestre, Massenet; Concerto for piano, Ravina, (played by the composer); and the "Ruy Blas" Overture by Mendelssohn. The Suite by Massenet was in the modern French style, all trombone, kettle-drum and triangle; the Concerto was well intended, but was quite weak and lacked unity; the Rondo (Finale) was mediocre, and resembled greatly a common polka with fiddles obligato; the Symphony and Overture need no comment, they were most admirably played.

On Wednesday evening, April 10, a Quartet Concert occurred at the Salle Pleyel. For programme we had: Quartet, B flat major, (piano), Weber; Quintet, C major, Op. 29, (strings), Beethoven; Sonata, (piano and violoncello) D major, op. 58, Mendelssohn; and Trio, E flat major, (strings) Mozart. The Mendelssohn Sonata was the feature of the evening, and was really well played by Mme. Massart and M. Jacquard; the Allegretto Scherzando (2d movement) produced a marked effect.

Patti is still singing here. Laura Harris and Jenny Kempton are also here. Harry Sanderson will be here in August. Joachim appears at a concert here on Friday evening, April 19th. The Congressional agitation on the subject of wearing or not wearing court suits at court presentations is creating much difficulty here. Americans generally hail the Senate resolutions as a step in the right direction, and as soon as formal instructions shall have been received by our ministers here and at other courts, there will be a large delegation of black coated and white neck-tied gentlemen at future diplomatic receptions, dinners, balls, and the like.

The weather here is really abominable. Since the 22d of March there has absolutely been but one day when it was possible to be in the streets for an hour without raising an umbrella. This is April weather, and reminds one forcibly and unpleasantly of the same in America.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 11, 1867.

Robert Franz.

The most unique, perhaps the most beautiful concert of our year occurred, unannounced and private, at the Chickering Hall, on Friday afternoon, May 3. Nearly four hundred admirers of the most original song composer of our times, feeling a debt of gratitude to him for many of the sweetest inspirations and

much of the finest culture of their lives, and touched by the report of his increasing deafness and his straitened means in consequence, eagerly took the tickets—say rather the (five dollar) shares in this testimonial of respect and sympathy for ROBERT FRANZ. It was meant simply as a gift, the gift of friendship—such songs make their author many friends, in a near sense, though these may never see his face nor hear his voice—the coupling of a Concert with the act was only to give it grace, give as it were musical expression to the common feeling. The offering was further swelled by several contributions of a hundred dollars each (one of them from the Orpheus Club), and, as the expenses were trifling, the sum of about \$2,000 was the gratifying net result. Not a few held tickets who renounced the pleasure of attendance, knowing too well that the concert room could not hold all.

It was an act worthy of our music-loving city. The prime movers were: first, that intimate friend of Franz, and kindred spirit, who introduced the songs here fifteen years ago, and who by the earnestness of his convictions about them and his rare power of playing their peculiar accompaniments has done so much to make them more known and appreciated here than in any city—even of Germany till very lately—OTTO DRESSEL—wherever he goes the songs of Franz are sure to take root; then Mr. KREISSMANN, who for years has so identified himself with these songs by his admirable singing of them; these, and those other classical pianists, LANG and LEONHARD and PARKER, always ready at the call of Franz or Bach (two names which here have grown to be almost inseparable). These were the managers, and the programme was as choice as they could make it.

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| Cantata, "Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben," 1st movt. | J. S. Bach. |
| Concerto for three Pianos, C major (accompaniments arranged for a fourth) | J. S. Bach. |
| Alto Aria, "Wohl euch, ihr auserwählten Seelen," Bach. Song, "Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome," op. 13. ... | R. Franz. |
| Songs, a. "Nun halt mir eine Kanne Wein," Robert Burns, op. 1. | R. Franz. |
| b. "Wie sehr ich Dein," op. 13. | R. Franz. |
| c. "Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube," op. 34. | R. Franz. |
| Two-Part Songs, a. "Wenn ich ein Vöglein war," Schumann. | Schumann. |
| b. "Im Aehrenfeld," Mendelssohn. | Mendelssohn. |
| Overture, "Melusina," Mendelssohn. | Mendelssohn. |
| Songs, a. Supplication, "Well auf mit, op. 9. | R. Franz. |
| b. May Song, "Zwischen Welsen und Korn," op. 53. | R. Franz. |
| Quartet from Fiddle, Beethoven. | Beethoven. |
| Songs, a. Die Leichenfeier, op. 25. | Beethoven. |
| b. Aufbruch, op. 35. | Beethoven. |
| c. Abends, op. 16. | Robert Franz. |
| d. Im Sommer, op. 16. | Robert Franz. |
| Overture, "In the Highlands," Gade. | Gade. |

Choice selections, and in very able hands. Four excellent singers (Mrs. HARWOOD, soprano, Mrs. J. S. CARY, contralto, Mr. KREISSMANN, tenor, Mr. SCHRAUNSTÄDTER, bass); the four pianists above mentioned, with four fine Chickering Grands—these were the interpreters. And all went to a charm; at least such was the sense of the delighted audience. The piece from the Bach Cantata—a sort of harmonized Choral, serious and serene, snatches of song between long pauses filled by instrumental symphony, was sung by the four voices, and the accompaniments were played on the four pianos from the full score, one taking flute and oboe parts, another violins, &c. Bach's thought was reproduced thus in its integrity, and the effect was extremely beautiful and novel. The commingling of the characteristic figures kept up by the several instruments, light and delicate and cheerful, was like a grove full of birds, especially in the long prelude, and seemed to tell how cheerful is the prelude in a Christian's thoughts to the great change.

The triple Concerto in C was played as it was some three years ago by the same artists in one or two of Mr. Dresel's Concerts, he representing the string accompaniments on a fourth piano. It was like bathing in fresh, exhaustless floods of melody, commingling currents setting in from all directions. The four keyboards seemed to be of one instrument, and the eight hands moved with one will; it was healthy,

sure, serene old Bach that played to us! The Alto aria is one from the sets of nine for each kind of voice which Franz arranged from the score of various Bach Cantatas, Masses, &c., and is the first of the series reprinted here by Ditson to English words: "Well done, ye good and faithful servants." The broad, sustained melody, rich and tender and devout, was admirably sung by Mrs. Cary, who gave herself up simply to the spirit of the heart-felt, noble music. This too was accompanied on four pianos; and this ended the Bach portion,—the musical foundation (so to say) of Robert Franz.

The happiest possible transition to his own endless, almost Shakespearian variety of fresh new Songs in every mood, was that very simple, perfect one, so rich and solemn, so poetic, which reflects the images of Heine's serious love song as clearly as "the Rhine, the holy stream" itself, in rich sunset glow, reflects the old cathedral that contains the picture of Madonna, surrounded by "flowers and angels" and in which the poet sees "the eyes, the lips, the cheeks" of his beloved. This too Mrs. Cary sang with chaste and exquisite expression.

And now the Franz songs were poured out in profusion and variety. The next group of three and the four before the end were sung with genuine fervor, in his best voice, inspiringly, by Mr. Kreissmann. "Weil auf mir, du dunkles Auge," and the witching, arch little May Song of Goethe, were sung by Mrs. Harwood, completely carrying her audience away, and she was obliged to raise the enthusiasm to a yet higher pitch by giving the breezy, sunshiny, rapturous "Im Wald, im Wald."

The pieces from other composers, thrown in for relief, were all greatly relished. The two-part songs, given with fine life and delicacy by the two ladies, were delicious; and the Fiddle Quartet: "Mir ist so wunderbar," accompanied by Dresel and Leonhard, hardly escaped an encore. The Overtures were played on two pianos by eight hands,—full, singularly clear reproductions, in all save color, of the orchestral score. The "Melusina" was familiar; that by Gade proved a delightful new acquaintance.

We fancy this report from Boston will pleasantly startle the quaint old German town of Halle (Halle's birthplace), where Franz works and sings, unworldly and retired as the old Leipzig Cantor, not courting present fame or wealth, quietly abiding his time, rich in his family, his Muse and Bach—of whom he is, since Mendelssohn, the deepest reader and most quickening interpreter; his own fresh rills of Song, pure emanations of original genius, most modern of the modern, do not denote him more truly than this sympathy of his whole soul with Bach. Alas that he should be growing deaf! Ever since that fatal locomotive screamed in his ear (some sixteen years ago), all loud sounds, as of the full organ, have been unbearable to him, and, becoming insensible first to the highest tones of the scale, he has gone on losing tone by tone downward. This incapacitates him for the various Conductorships which have been his main stay, rather than the slender remuneration for his songs and Bach arrangements. May this our greeting, of Boston artists and art-lovers, cheer the noble Singer as his songs have many a time cheered us!

Mr. C. HENSHAW SMITH is the name of a young amateur pianist, organist also at Dr. Putnam's Church in Roxbury, to whom a very pleasant little complimentary Concert was given on Monday evening at Chickering's. It was meant as a Godspeed on his departure for San Francisco, where he proposes to make music his profession, principally as teacher. The part which the young man took in the concert (his first public effort, we believe) was modest, simply the piano part in that bright first Trio of Haydn (in G), which was a clear and facile, though not ripe performance, and his whole appearance was simple, gentlemanly and winning. At any rate he seem-

ed to have the sympathy of a large and refined audience. All the rest was done by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who played the first Allegro and Adagio from Beethoven's B-flat Quartet (op. 18) and Schubert's Quartet (posthumous) in D minor; and by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, who sang, in admirable style, two capital selections. The first, however, "*Lascia ch'io pianga*," from Handel's *Rinaldo*, was better suited to her large, rich organ tones, than the song of the page: "*Voi chi sapete*," in Mozart's *Figaro*, which we associate with voices of a lighter calibre. The Handel piece had to be repeated.

We must go back merely to record the matter—no room for the manner—of several concerts which we had to pass over in our last. And first,

Mr. J. C. D. PARKER's Vocal Club of amateurs sang on two successive Monday evenings to an invited company the following choice programme: Part I. *Salve Regina*, by Hauptmann; Slumber Song from Schumann's "*Paradise and Peri*" (Soprano Solo, Miss LORING, and chorus); Songs, Mrs. HAWWOOD; Part-Songs: "*Good Night*," Schumann, and "*Hunting Song*," Mendelssohn; Spring-Fantasia (piano solo and quartet), by Gade. Part II. The *Walpurgis Night* (Eve of the First of May), by Mendelssohn—the solos by the Messrs. WINCH.

Mr. PERABO's Piano-forte Soirée of April 18 (his last concert for the season) offered: a Prelude and Fugue in D minor, by Mendelssohn; Schubert's great Sonata in B flat major (four movements); and the sixth *Partita* of Bach in E minor, (consisting of *Toccata*, *Allemande*, *Courante*, *Air*, *Sarabande*, *Gavotte* and *Gigue*)—all greatly relished, especially the last. Moreover the sweet singer of the German Opera, Mme. FRIEDERICI-HIMMER, sang "*Deh vieni*," from *Figaro*, Schumann's "*Du meine Seele*" and "*Spring Night*," and for an encore "*The Wanderer*," the last with remarkable power, and all with fine fervor, though some of the higher notes were almost too piercing for the small concert room.

Both of the new "Conservatories" have had Chamber Concerts, for their pupils chiefly. The "Boston Conservatory," at Chickering's, April 13, gave: Beethoven's E-flat Trio, op. 70, played by Messrs. EICHBERG, LEONHARD and H. SÜCK; a couple of Franz Songs and Schubert's "*Erl-king*," sung by Mr. KREISSMANN; Variations, from the 4th Beethoven Quartet (Messrs. EICHBERG, FORD, H. and A. SÜCK); a Scherzo and Andante Spianato of Chopin (Mr. Leonhard); the Haydn Trio in G; and a harp piece by Miss MARIE HARTLEY. All, except the lady, are teachers in the institution.

The more mixed programme of the first Soirée of the "New England" rival was this:

Cabinet Organ and Piano, "*Pensée Religieuse*," Battman. Song, Air with Variations, Rhode. Piano, I, Symphony, J. S. Bach; 2, "*On Wings of Song*," (Transcribed by Mendelssohn). Liszt. Song, "*With Verdure Clad*," Haydn. Piano, "*Lake Mahopac*," Goldbeck. Duo for Harp and Piano. Six Preludes, J. S. Bach, with accomp. of second Piano by E. Goldbeck. Song, "*L'Estasi*," Arditi. Piano, "*Eulogy of Tears*," (Trans. Schubert). Liszt. Cabinet Organ, Piano and Violin, Brison: Fantasia on the "*Pardon de Ploemel*."

New Works on Music.

LETTER FROM A. W. THAYER.

Trieste, March, 1867.

DEAR DWIGHT,—I wish to call your attention to two volumes which are probably still unknown in the United States, as they have but recently appeared from the press of Breitkopf & Härtel, in Leipzig.

The first, of about 500 pages, 8vo., by Dr. EDWARD KRUEGER, is "*System der Tonkunst*." I have often thought of the necessity of some epitome of musical science,—which would be a good basis for instruction in our colleges, when the divine science shall once find entrance there—and have made myself pretty familiarly acquainted with the productions of the press in that direction, from the catchpenny little volume of Fétis, years ago, on to the present time. Now, at length, I think the right book has come, and I can only hope that it will soon find a competent translator. Such a translator is one who not only is fully able to give the German again in English, but one who has knowledge sufficient to give examples from English and other composers well known with

us, corresponding to those from German authors. Not that he should change the author's text, but that he should add in notes either in the margin or at the end of the chapters, that which would adapt the book specially to the use of American students.

It should be strictly a *text-book*. The instructor should be a man of wide-reaching knowledge in the history of music, as well as a thorough contrapuntist; so that the text-book might be but the skeleton of the body of science, which his classes should be enabled by him to master.

Of course the reading of common music at sight, some preliminary knowledge of harmony, and the simple rules of musical composition, should be required of the student before taking up the study of the system; just as a certain degree of knowledge upon other topics is required before the pupil is admitted into college.

It may be said that such a professor and such pupils are of "the things that are not." Perhaps so; but suppose such a professor should be sought.—How long before the demand would create a supply? And as to pupils, in my time we could have given such a professor a very respectable class in old Harvard. I will leave you to reflect upon and carry out these ideas, and turn for a moment to Dr. Krüger's book. The best idea I can give you of it will be by a glance at the table of contents.

A short philosophical introduction, then

Book I. Nature and Spirituality of tones.

1. Some remarks upon Art in general, and upon various Arts, and then, specially, Music.

2. Rhythm and Harmony,—what is Music.

3. Natural tones.—Consonance.—Dissonance.—Vibrations, peculiar phenomena, &c., &c., and thus we reach

4. The Scale.

Book II. Music as an Art. Here we have

1. Melody,—its genesis—analysis—Rhythm—Metre.—Quantity.—Accent, &c., &c.

2. Musical Syntax—thirty pages of very rich and suggestive matter, but it will take too much space to continue to particularize.

Sixty pages upon Harmony follow, and twenty-two upon Rhythm.

Now comes the Doctrine of Forms:—

Variable forms,—as the Prelude, the Fantasia, Recitative, &c., &c.

Determinate forms,—the Song form, Simple Song, Air, Rondo, Variation, &c., and Accompaniment.

And so we come to

Counterpoint, Imitations, Canon, Fugue, and finally to the Motet, Cantata, Suite, Sonata, Symphony, Oratorio, Opera, with analytical remarks upon some of Handel's Oratorios and Mozart's Operas.

I need hardly speak of the abundant proofs of vast research which this work exhibits on every page, and of the clear logical progress of the author from simple tones to the grandeur of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* and the magnificence of *Don Juan*.

That this is not an A, B, C book for beginners you have already seen; that it is "meat for men of full age"—not "milk for babes"—is perhaps manifest. I shall be glad to hear hereafter the opinion of some of our cultivated German musicians upon it, for it is not to be doubted that a work like this will find some purchasers in the United States.

The other volume is: "*Gesammelte Aufsätze über Musik*" (Collected Articles upon Music), by OTTO JAHN. Of course every body, whose studies lead to that kind of knowledge, knows who Jahn is:—Professor at Bonn; the great archaeologist and philologist; the author of the great Biography of Mozart; one of those men whose stores of learning fill us with wonder, and whose capacity for labor, with astonishment. In addition to his philological studies in his youth and early manhood, he made a special study of music, both at Leipzig and in Berlin under Dehn,

and fitted himself by profound contrapuntal study for his labors since in the field of musical history and criticism, as few, if any, of his contemporaries have done.

This volume contains the following articles:

1. Biographical Sketch of G. C. Apel, a great organist and composer for the German Protestant church.

2. Mendelssohn's "*St. Paul*."

3. "Elijah."

4. Wagner's "*Tannhäuser*."

5. Berlioz's "*Condemnation of Faust*."

6. "*Lohengrin*" (Wagner).

7. 33d Music festival of the Lower Rhine.

8. 34th " " " "

9. Mozart—paralipomenon.

10. "*Leonore*" or "*Fidelio*."

11. Beethoven in Malkasten.

12. Beethoven and the new Edition of his works.

Of these Articles the 4th, 6th, and 12th are of very great interest; the two upon Wagner's operas altogether the best that have been written. They judge those works in the lights afforded by a fully competent knowledge of German literature (to criticize the texts) and of musical science, combined with common sense, an article which in general has sadly failed when Wagner's compositions have been the subject of discussion.

If "*St. Paul*" and "*Elijah*" were not so well known with us, and had not already so often been the subjects of excellent articles, I should count these by Jahn as also of uncommon interest.

The volume is not large, only 337 pages; but it is "full of meat." I recommend it heartily to those who read German and care for this branch of literature.

A. W. T.

NEW YORK. Parepa and Peralta—the musical chime of the two names will be worth something to Maretzek another season; but now his season's done. "*Angela Peralta*" (says the New York *Musik-Zeitung*) "is the name of a new prima donna who has appeared at the Academy of Music and brings the season to a close with a certain *clat*. She comes from Mexico and Havana. Her voice, to be sure, is no longer young, but it has a certain *Schmelz*, to which one gladly yields himself. Moreover she sings with taste, understanding and correctness. She knows what she wants, and she never wants more than she can accomplish. She is a cultivated singer. We would gladly have availed ourselves of her earlier. With the exception of Parepa the lady singers of the Italian Opera have not been very attractive. Miss Kellogg, to be sure, is a clever artist; but there is a certain tiresome monotony in her performances. She has not made progress, and it would seem to be about time that she should appear before a foreign public; here she is such an *enfant gâté*, that she must in the end lose all earnestness in Art.

"Mme. Peralta has appeared three times: in the *Sonnambula*, the *Puritani*, and *Lucia*. She seems fond of singing the Bellini operas; and as she does this with success, she earns at all events an honorable place among the singers of the day; for it presupposes far more artistic ability, to make Bellini's parts effective, than it does Verdi's."

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY celebrated its 25th Anniversary last Saturday evening by a concert at Steinway Hall. The noble orchestra of ninety, under BERGMANN, is said to have done its best; especially in Beethoven's C-minor Symphony (a reminiscence of the Society's first concert 25 years ago), and in Liszt's "*Les Preludes*." Of the rest the *Tribune* says:

The cantata of *Frühjohs Saga*, a fine work by Max Bruch—the breath of the Norlands and the mystery of the Sagas running through its choral chapters—was sung at length by the Liederkranz, Mme. Rotter, Mr. Frederick Steins, and a tasteful tenor whose name does not appear on the bill, giving acceptable soli. The Liederkranz has never acquitted itself more ably, and it is seldom that choral performances are so deeply and delicately, and, at need, so vaguely and darkly shaded. The work must be heard many times before final judgment, and, of

course, it is the intention of the Society to repeat it often. The programme still further included a Concert for two pianos, by Mozart, delightfully played by Mr. William Mason and Mr. Emile Guyon, and Weber's beautiful and inspiring Jubilee Overture. There was, beside, an almost irrelevant but respectable oration by the Rev. Franklin Johnson, sandwiched between Beethoven and Mozart, and suffering to the extent of the contrast.

Mr. Harrison's "Grand Musical Festival" of a week, beginning June 3, is announced in full. Monday, the *Messiah*; Tuesday, *Hymn of Praise*, and a new *Forty-sixth Psalm*, written for the occasion by F. L. Ritter; Wednesday, *Creation*; Friday, *Elijah*. All the Oratorios to be conducted by Mr. Ritter. On Thursday, an Orchestral Concert: Beethoven's "celebrated" *Eroica* Symphony (Bergmann conductor), and Liszt's "*Les Preludes*" (Carl Rosa conductor). Saturday, Miscellaneous: Orchestra under Anschütz, Grafulla's Seventh Regiment Band, and Drum Corps (!!). There is a long list of solo-singers, including Mme. Rosa, Mme. Ritter, Messrs. Castle, Simpson, Thomas, Campbell, &c. For pianists: Miss Gilbert, Mr. Pattison, Pease and Colby; solo violinists: Wenzel Kopta and Rosa; organists: Morgan and Conolly. Chorus (Harmonic Society) of 300 voices; Orchestra of 90.

BANGOR, ME. We are pleased to learn that:

"A Choral Festival was held at Norumbega Hall, commencing Tuesday, April 23d and continuing four days. The "*Messiah*" was given on Thursday evening, and Rossini's "*Stabat Mater*" closed the Festival on Friday evening. The soloists were Miss J. E. Houston, Mrs. J. S. Cary, Mr. James Whitney and M. W. Whitney of this city. The instrumental assistance was The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with Mr. A. Stein, contra basso. The Chorus numbered two hundred voices. The Conductor was Mr. F. S. Davenport of Bangor. The chorus rehearsals were entirely devoted to Oratorio music, no Church music nor glee music being introduced. It was a great success and has done much for the cause of musical art in Maine."

This lifting of the old-fashioned psalm-singing and psalm-book selling "Convention" into an Oratorio Festival was, we understand, purely the enterprise of Mr. Davenport, and indicates a movement in a right direction. It is high time that the great musical gatherings in the large towns should use their powers and opportunities in studying and bringing out real masterworks of Art, instead of longer taking their turn at the old machines for grinding out trashy psalm-tunes by the thousand every year. Voices they have, and zeal; and even with imperfect instrumental means they may do much to bring the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn home to the people.

NEW LONDON, CONN. Mr. Ralph Beecher Doane, organist of St. James Church, had a benefit concert on the 30th ult. at Lawrence Hall, which seems to have been a considerable event for that region. Two hundred persons went to it from Norwich on a special train. The *Norwich Bulletin* says:

"The great feature of the concert was Mr. Petersilea's playing. In the first part of the programme he performed Thalberg's variations on a favorite air from "*Elisir d'Amour*," and subsequently an elaborate and brilliant composition by Chopin. These selections afforded a fine opportunity for the display of the strength, firmness and delicacy which are so happily combined in his style. He plays with great ease of manner, and with little apparent effort, and with a reserve of force which is equal to any demand of the score. Mr. Sack, violinist, gave to the "*Ballads and Polonaise*" by Vieuxtemps—a beautiful composition—an enthusiastic and graceful rendering, being well sustained in the accompaniment by Mr. Petersilea. He afterwards played the popular "*Sounds from Home*," and received an encore. Miss Loring appeared in an aria from "*Wm. Tell*," and in "*Spring Time*," a song by Fesca. She has a pure soprano voice and rendered her selections in good style. Miss Addie S. Ryan sang a cavatina from "*Tancredi*,"

and a song composed for her entitled "*Many a Time and Oft*." She is a contralto, has a highly cultivated voice, and a finished style. She was warmly received.

Mr. Doane sustained, with the exception above mentioned, the thankless and often unappreciated duty of accompanist. He however performed a solo, and took the second part in a duo with Mr. Petersilea. The fact that the concert was undertaken for his benefit, and the intense enthusiasm with which he entered into and arranged all the preliminary details, enlisted the interest of the audience in his behalf. He certainly labored most ambitiously to gain the public approval and he deserved it. His solo was an Andante and a Presto movement from Mendelssohn. His touch is not as crisp and vigorous as that of Mr. Petersilea, neither has his style that character, and in playing upon the same stage with that gentleman he exposed himself to a comparison which would not have been risked by anybody with less artistic enthusiasm and determination than himself. His touch is marked rather by delicacy and sprightliness than by precision and energy, by tenderness and expression rather than brilliancy—at least that was the impression gained from the not altogether favorable test of last evening. He is an artist of great promise, and we hope he will give us another hearing. It will be a friendly one. . . . We understand concerts are to be given by the same company in this city, Hartford, Saratoga, etc.

MORE WORKS OF MENDELSSOHN. The long controversy between Mendelssohn's musical executors and his wholesale London admirers, who claim that all he ever wrote should see the light (even in spite of his own wishes while he lived), seems to be at last settled in favor of the latter. The *London Daily News* has the following:

"Our musical readers will learn with pleasure that the house of Messrs. Ewer will shortly publish some important works of Mendelssohn, which his executors have only just decided on allowing to appear. The first composition to be brought out will be the concert overture in C, known as the 'trumpet overture,' from the frequent recurrence of a characteristic passage for that instrument. This work was written in 1825, and was performed at the Dusseldorf musical festival in 1833, and two or three times by our Philharmonic Society, but was withheld from publication by Mendelssohn himself. The most important promise, however, is that of the production of Mendelssohn's great *Reformation Symphony*, in D minor, a work composed in 1830, in celebration of the German Reformation Festival. Mendelssohn wrote the *Reformation Symphony* during his stay in Rome, probably incited to the composition, as Mr. Benedict says in his memoir of the composer, 'by the sight of the monastery in which Martin Luther, whilst still an Augustine monk, had been resident.' As the work was the result of the same period that produced the materials for his Italian symphony, as Mendelssohn has said to have been much pleased with it at the time, and as he frequently played a transcript of it on the piano-forte to admiring hearers, among whom were some of the most eminent musicians of the day, it is fair to assume that this symphony, so long withheld, will prove a rich addition to the already published works of its composer. Others of his posthumous works are also promised for publication, comprising an eighth book of *Lieder ohne Worte*, besides some detached songs and piano-forte studies. In the present comparative dearth of creative musical genius, the prospect of the appearance of such art treasures is most welcome and gratifying, and it is to be hoped that their publication will lead the way to that of others of the many works of their composer which still remain in manuscript."

On Miss C. Laura Harris's appearance at the Italiens in Paris, in place of Mlle. Patti, ill, M. Escudier makes the following remarks in *La France Musicale*: "It is a deplorable system, that of producing on the stage of the Theatre Italien artists unknown or untried, whom the provinces could hardly support. Thus we had, a few days ago, the pain of hearing, in the "*Sonnambula*," in the stead of Mlle. Patti, who at two o'clock only in the day announced herself ill—probably on account of the unsatisfactory state of the treasury—an American Mlle. Harris, worthy at the most of figuring on the stage of the Bouffes-Parisiennes. Imagine a wee little girl of eighteen years, with a thread of thin voice, which rises, rises, like the continuous chirp of a grasshopper, without cause and without aim; a slight figure; a childish mien; and all this devoid of study, method, intelligence, or spirit; and you will have something of an idea of the new *Amina*."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Thinking, ah! I'm fondly thinking. C. A. White. 30
A pleasing reminiscence of boyhood's years. Good music.

Love hailed a little maid. Ballad. W. Ganz. 40
A pliant rencontre, charmingly described. A decidedly pleasing song.

Parted friends may meet again. Song. W. W. Gilchrist. 30
A piece of excellent sentiment.

Happy hearts are free. Concert song. K. Merz. 30
A very powerful and brilliant song, and well calculated for a strong voice and energetic manner. Only moderately difficult.

Whom but Maud should I meet. Song. Balfe. 50
Tennyson's words make music almost in themselves, but Balfe has shown a fine appreciation of the master in this exquisite arrangement.

Clear and Cool. (The Brook.) Song. Dolores. 50
Words by Kingsley, and the song is very impressive and of a high order. Capital for Contralto voices.

Found dead. Song. W. H. Day. 40
Very pathetic and plaintive.

Something sweet to think of. Song and Chorus. Dr. Ordway. 30
Dr. Ordway's compositions have attained a great popularity, and this and his other recent songs may well circulate as freely as the others.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall. Song. A. Vane. 40
Very beautiful in every way. Illustrated title.

Golden smile of parting day. Song. M. Keller. 36
Heart broken child. " " 30

Well written. The last a temperance song.
I'll forgive thee, "bye and bye." S'g. Musgrave. 30
Very well turned is the phrase, and nicely accompanied by the music.

Meet me early. Ballad. Guglielmo. 30
Either early or late, he was pleased to see her.

The Brook. (Wohnin). "Maid of the Mill." Schubert. 40
One of the songs included in Schubert's "Cycius," wherein the pretty maid figures in almost every one of about 20 songs. Very taking.

Instrumental.

Carousal. Paraphrase of "We won't go home till morning." S. G. Pratt. 60
A clever piece, in which the jovial songs of the toppers, the groans from the "dead men" under the table, and the subsequent head-aches, are skillfully rendered into music.

Iona Waltz. T. E. Garrett. 30
Very sweet. Moderately easy. Key of E flat.

Don Juan. Fantasia brillante. Leybach. 1.00
Favorite melodies from the great opera, well arranged.

Mabel Waltz. 4 hds. (Social hours.) Bellak. 35
Fine for learners.

Fête Hongroise. S. Smith. 60
Brilliant arrangement of a Hungarian Mazurka.

Keller's Am. hymn. Trans. By Grobe. 50
In Grobe's well-known and useful style.

L'Jet d'Eau. (Drops of Water). S. Smith. 75
Arpeggios and runs in profusion, like diamond drops from the fountain.

Wood Chapel. (Wald-kapelle). Spindler. 75
Shows Spindler's usual exquisite taste.

Flee as a bird. Trans. by Grobe. 50
Beautiful melody, finely arranged.

Alice Galop. A. Jannotta. 30
Alice's fingers may gallop over this with great satisfaction.

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